

# The Manchester Journal.

VOL. II.

MANCHESTER, VT., FEBRUARY 3, 1863.

NO. 37.

## The Manchester Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING.

OFFICE OVER THE SQUARE STORE.

C. A. PIERCE,  
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

JAMES ANDERSON, EDITOR.

TERMS:—\$1.25 per annum, or \$1.50 at the end of the year. Free of Postage to Boston and New York.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:  
1 square, one week, \$0.75  
1 square, three weeks, 1.25  
1 column, one year, 10.00  
1 column, one year, 15.00  
Business Cards, one year, from 1.00 to 5.00  
Transient advertising payable in advance.  
C. A. PIERCE, PROPRIETOR.

LIST OF ADVERTISERS:  
We are authorized to receive subscriptions, give receipts, and transact other business in the name of the Journal.  
Arlington, David G. COOPER.  
East Arlington, Edward A. WILSON.  
West Arlington, R. T. HICK.  
Dana, S. P. HOLLEY.  
East Dana, Stephen G. COOPER.  
Londonderry, C. P. MEAD, SEAN WARREN.  
North Dana, John CURTIS.  
Roxbury, A. P. GRAHAM.  
Troy, L. W. WELCH.  
Rupert, James L. McCall.  
East Rupert, A. H. DENIO.  
Sunderland, E. G. BACON.  
Sandgate, W. G. PARKER.  
Jamaica, H. H. WHEELER.  
Agents for other localities will be given here after.

Manchester Cornet Band  
IS PREPARED to furnish Music for Celebrations, Fairs, Parades, &c., &c. All orders promptly attended to.  
Address: R. P. HOYT,  
Manchester, May 29, 1862.—5661.

L. H. SPRAGUE, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE  
MANCHESTER WATER-CURE.

G. L. AMES, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
OFFICE 3 DOORS EAST OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH.  
FACTORY POINT, May 27, 1862.

C. F. ORVIS,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

L. D. COY,  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
BOOTS AND SHOES.  
2 Doors North of Congregational Church.

MINER & SON,  
Att'ys and Counsellors at Law,  
OFFICE OVER EQUINOX STORE,  
MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

A. L. MINER, H. E. MINER,  
E. B. BURTON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office in the Court House.

H. K. FOWLER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Fire and Life Insurance Agent,  
MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

BUTLER & WHEELER,  
Att'ys and Counsellors at Law,  
JAMAICA, VT.

J. E. BUTLER, H. H. WHEELER,  
Fire Insurance.

INSURANCE EFFECTED IN  
Thames Fire Insurance Co.,  
NORWICH, CT.

Hampden Fire Insurance Co.,  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Both of which are perfectly reliable, and have complied with the laws of Vermont relative to Insurance Companies doing business in this State. ALSO IN THE  
Cit. River Mutual Insurance Co.,  
BELL'S FALLS, VT.

And in other reliable Companies, by  
HENRY E. MINER, Agent.  
Manchester, May 27, 1862.

For Sale, Very Cheap.  
3 DOUBLE CARRIAGES; 2 Top Buggies;  
1 two-wheeled Spring Wagon; 1 two-horse platform Sleigh; 1 1/2 Top Carriage, for one or two horses. Enquire of  
R. T. HURD & CO.

CLARK & BROTHERS,  
DEALERS IN  
Watches and Jewelry,  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE, Clocks,  
Fancy Goods, &c. Their Ornaments of every pattern, made on short notice. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles neatly repaired, at low prices.

2500 PAIRS SPECTACLES,  
of all patterns, for sale.  
CLARK'S BLOCK, RUTLAND, VT.

WILSON, BARNES & CO.,  
WHOLESALE GROCERS AND  
PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
AND EXTENSIVE DEALERS IN  
Teas,  
No. 115 Warren Street, (old door below Wash-  
ington Street,) NEW YORK.  
William H. Wilson, Abner C. Kenney,  
Daniel V. Barnes, Samuel N. Delane,  
Henry W. Smith.

## HATTIE.

Sheep on, little Hattie, so peaceful thy rest,  
In Heaven, we trust, your soul is at rest.  
We would not recall you, the better the cup  
Of sorrow we drink, in giving you up.

We miss you, sweet Hattie, as little and as  
small.

Like a link in the chain, a link in the spray,  
Like a leaflet, a shadow that passes along;  
None it is here—none it is gone.

Jesus died on the cross, little children to save,  
And if he rescues them, 'tis but what he gave;  
In humble submission we'll bow at his will,  
But the beautiful gems, the crown that they still  
Are more than this world of sin and despair.

Peru, Jan. 22, 1862.

Respectfully dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. C. L.  
BARNARD, on the death of their child.

Her side's blighting touch could wither,  
The times dimming breath could fade,  
They could not take from her the life,  
Where the loved and lost are laid.

Hattie is gone, while life's fair morning  
Shed its light in peace and calm;  
For the sun of life has set,  
For the loved and lost are laid.

Oh, on the still air breathing,  
Came the tones of her sweet throat,  
And though her voice was faint,  
Thou couldst almost hear her note.

On her gown, in the beauty,  
Flowers, most types of her life,  
In their silent language tell  
Of a happy Eden home.

Whispering to the heart's low wailing,  
To life's voyager o'er the sea,  
"Weep not for the dead transplanted  
To the heavenly bowers from here."

Called from earth she blooms in beauty,  
Far beyond the vale of grief;  
Blossom of the harvest moon gathered  
To the faithful angel's wreath.

Jan. 20, 1863.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

## THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT HOME PICTURE.

BY VANITIL.

The following article, was received some  
time since, and was accidentally mislaid;  
but it has not hurt any by keeping.—EVE.

We noticed in the JOURNAL of Nov.  
15th, an article from the *New England  
Farmer*, under the head of  
"Good Counsel," and entitled to  
"Sarah." Now that article sounds to  
us very much as though written by  
what N. P. Willis would style, "some  
violet of a man scribbler." The  
counsel may be good, but we fail in  
comprehending what it is good for.

The difference between a lover and  
a husband is pointed out, a thing  
which appears quite unnecessary, as  
most people have eyes and ears, and  
will see and hear for themselves. We  
do not entertain murderous intentions  
towards men, either in general or in  
particular; only would like to see a  
word of exhortation now and then to  
those husbands who are so very par-  
ticular about having their dinner at a  
certain moment. Many of that stamp  
will, if they meet a neighbor, even  
after they have been informed that  
that same dinner is in readiness, stop  
and talk, fifteen, twenty, perhaps sixty  
minutes. A word to such ought to  
have a very much desired effect. The  
idea in relation to the treatment of  
friends who might chance to call  
about meal-time is quite amusing, es-  
pecially among enlightened people  
who lay some stress on social duties.

We imagined a New England wife  
stepping to the door, (but few keep  
servants to do that), and hustling her  
friends one side as soon as possible,  
telling them at the same time, if hus-  
band had to wait five minutes for din-  
ner she would be obliged to seek shel-  
ter, for a storm would arise soon.

We said we imagined such a New  
England woman, and we hope no  
such one exists, only in imagination.

We do not believe the women of New  
England fully comprehend their mis-  
sion; they have a power in their hands  
(or may have) which they do not  
know how to manage. They devote  
all their energies to labor which their  
hands perform; brush up their houses  
continually, while their intellects will  
not get a polish once a year. We  
detest a wasteful, slovenly manner  
of house-keeping, and think it may be  
avoided, if husband is as anxious to do  
his share as he is to have wife do  
hers. All these exhortations to wives  
would be very well if they were to  
see that some of these things were  
done; but when a woman is asked to  
do that every thing in her house,  
(and it is quite a step from the bot-  
tom of the cellar to the top of the gar-  
ret) is kept in perfect order by her  
own hands, we believe it is just im-  
possible, for there are not days  
enough in a year; (to say nothing of  
Sabbaths and nights). Well, what is  
to be done?—why let every one  
do their own share of labor, and then  
let every one exercise a degree of pa-  
tience and forbearance, in cases of de-  
lays or mistakes, which always will  
occur. The idea that a woman is to

meet her husband, when he is usually  
cribbled and cross, with a dose of  
smiles and sugar-plums, is rather too  
cool to be palatable in December.

Our Bible mentions a similar case,  
and approves of an opposite remedy.

1st Samuel 25, 3. "Now the name of  
the man was Nabal, (in the margin,  
fool,) and the name of his wife was  
Abigail; and she was a woman of  
good understanding, and of a beauti-  
ful countenance; but the man was  
clumsy and evil in his doings." It  
appears from the record that Nabal  
stood a fair chance to lose his head,  
had it not been for the wise and tim-  
ely interference of his wife, and that  
after he had got through his drunken  
frolic, she led him to his narrow es-  
cape, and the record stands, "He be-  
came as a stone; and about ten days  
after, the Lord smote Nabal that he  
died. We believe 'all scripture is  
given by inspiration,' and that this is  
given for instruction, and sounds  
vastly more like common sense, as  
well as scripture, than as many exhor-  
tations to do what, if done, is encour-  
aging wrong in another. About that  
"lofty pinnacle of sternness." If our  
husband should climb up there some  
day, we should (kindly) suggest to  
him the propriety of coming down as  
soon as he could consistently with the  
safety of his neck! A word to the  
girls about those lovers who make a  
thousand apologies, where only one is  
necessary. Recollect, there is a law  
of compensation on, which obtains in  
this world, and the man who makes  
nine hundred and ninety-nine un-  
necessary apologies before marriage,  
will be very likely to neglect them  
altogether afterwards. We believe,  
with Sarah, that it is "woman's duty,"  
and ought to be made her privilege,  
"to make home as happy as possible,"  
which cannot be very happy, unless  
she is, at least, comfortable. Fur-  
ther remarks postponed, lest we spoil  
our case entirely by obliging—some-  
body, to wait for dinner.

Winhall, Dec. 1862.

## STEVE CONANT'S COURTSHIP.

I once called on my friend, Steve  
Conant, and while there the conver-  
sation turned on courtship; and, at  
my request, the old gentleman told  
me an incident of his own love affairs,  
which I give in his own words:

"Well, seeing it's your, I don't mind  
telling about a scrape that happened  
to me when I was courting Nancy  
here. That is something that I  
never tell anybody. But ye shall  
have it?"

"No, don't Steve," broke in the old  
woman. "I should think you would  
be ashamed of yourself, telling your  
love scrapes to everybody."

"If you can't bear to hear it you  
may go out door—so here it goes!"

When I was high about twenty-one I  
came up here all alone, and built me  
a cabin. I had n't a naber nearer  
than five miles, so, ye see, I  
didn't quarrel much; but as it grew  
to be near Winter, I got kinder lone-  
some, and begun to think that I ought  
to have a woman to keep me company;  
so one morning I started down to  
Leeway, to take a look at the girls, to  
see if I could find one to suit me.

When I got down to the settlement I  
asked a young chap if he knew of a  
girl that wanted to get married, and  
he told me that he guess that Nancy  
Knox did, and if I wanted a wife, I  
had better try and hitch on with her;  
and he would go to Deacon Knox's  
and make me acquainted with Nancy,  
and he was as good as his word, and  
twasn't an hour afore Nancy and I  
was on the best of terms. Afore  
night I had hired out with the deacon  
for ten dollars a month, half of the  
pay to be taken in produce, and the  
rest in clear cash, and I was to work  
all Winter. Well, for about two  
months I felt as neat as a mouse in a  
new cheese. I courted Nancy every  
Sunday night, and I was determined  
before another month to pop the ques-  
tion, and I had n't a bit of doubt but  
what Nancy would be overjoyed at  
becoming my bosom companion.

Well, about this time there came a  
fellow from one of the lower towns to  
keep school, and he had n't been there  
more'n a week afore I found he had  
a natural hunkering after Nancy; and  
worse of all, the old deacon, who had  
seemed mighty pleased at the thought  
of my courting his girl, begun to kind-  
er cool off, as if he would like the  
schoolmaster better for a son-in-law,  
and it made me feel kinder down in  
the lip. I can tell you. Well, one

Sunday night, Bill Smith, for that was  
the peaky critter's name, came in just  
at dusk, and when the clock struck  
nine he did n't seem ready to go. Old  
Mrs. Knox and the young uns all went  
off to bed, and there were none left  
but the old deacon, Bill, Nancy and I,  
and there we all sat, round the fire,  
without saying a word.

"Always afore the deacon had gone  
off to bed and left the coast clear, for  
Nancy and I, and I kept 'specking  
every minute that he would show  
Bill to leave, but he did no such thing;  
but just as the clock struck ten he ris-  
up, and sez he:

"Steve, let's go to bed, for we  
must be up bright and early to have  
them ere logs to the river."

"Was n't that a hint, eh? I look-  
ed at Nancy, but she turned away her  
head, and at this I up and marched  
out into the entry, and up the ladder  
to bed. I was boiling over mad with  
all creation—Bill, Nancy, and the  
deacon in particular. I got into bed  
and kivered myself up, but I felt so  
bad that I could n't go to sleep. Like  
as not, the schoolmaster was hugging  
and kissing Nancy down in the kit-  
chen, and I could n't shet my eyes for  
the life of me. Well, at once it oc-  
curred to me that there were some  
big cracks in the floor over the kit-  
chen, and I could watch and see all that  
was going on below; so out of bed I  
got, and crawled along close to the  
chimney on all fours, and finding a  
big crack, I looked down through—  
Bill and Nancy were sitting about two  
feet apart, though every now and then  
Bill would hitch his chair a little near-  
er to her. How I could have chok-  
ed that man! I watched them for about  
a quarter of an hour, and by that time  
I was near about froze, as it was an  
awful cold night, and I had n't a rag-  
on but my two shirts. But I would n't  
go to bed, for I was bound to know if  
Nancy was true to me. By and by  
Bill hitched his chair up a little closer,  
and I could see that he made up his  
mind and was just going to kiss her.  
How it riled me! But I was bound  
to see it through, so I moved a little  
to get a better view, and that moment  
the plank I was on tipped up, and  
down I went kerchunk, and landed  
between Bill and Nancy. Bill thought  
for once that old Nick had come, and  
he stretched it out doors; and as for  
Nancy, she gave one look and covered  
her face with her apron. I started  
out of the kitchen as quick as you  
could say scot, and as I was going up  
the ladder I heard old Mrs. Knox  
holler:

"Nancy, scot the cat down, or  
she'll break every dish on the dresser!"

"The next morning when she went  
to milking, I popped the question to  
Nancy, and she shed she would have  
me, for she did n't care a cent for Bill  
Smith, and we have been married for-  
ty years cum next June."

## THE STORY OF A SIBERIAN EXILE.

M. Ruffin Pietrowski, a Siberian  
exile, has published in the English  
papers an interesting account of his  
banishment and escape. The prin-  
cipal points of his narrative are as  
follows:

He went from Paris to Kamtenie-  
in Podolia, in 1843, under a feigned  
name and with an English passport,  
being desirous of re-visiting a country  
from which he has been banished, and  
having some political objects in view,  
when, after a sojourn of some months,  
he was detected by the Russian police,  
sent into custody to Kiew, and there  
condemned to his Siberian banish-  
ment. The author's status of noble  
exempted him from the worst in-  
fliction, that of making the journey to  
Siberia on foot. To those who incur  
the latter sentence, as they are the  
great majority, amounting, as they  
did then, to about ten thousand annu-  
ally, the journey from Kiew to To-  
bolsk occupies a full year; and if  
they are assigned to the mines of  
Nertchinsk, in the government of Ir-  
kutsk, upwards of two years. Dur-  
ing this long and exhausting journey  
they are liable to the knout or to  
other murderous punishments, which  
the author describes. But he himself,  
though condemned to hard labor, was  
transported in a kibitka, laden with  
heavy chains, which distressed him  
terribly, as a milder alternative.

Arrived at Ekaterinsk Zard, he was  
first condemned to work in irons  
at the government distillery, in the  
company of atrocious criminals. His  
chains were, however, removed, and  
by degrees his lot was ameliorated,

until eventually, like some of his ed-  
ucated compatriots, he was employed  
as a clerk in the distillery office. He  
was, nevertheless, liable to corporal  
chastisement at the caprice of the su-  
perintendent, though by his diligence,  
patience and tact, he contrived to es-  
cape this indignity. One curious and  
shocking incident of Siberian exile is  
the destiny which attends the chil-  
dren who may be born to the prison-  
ers, and who are to remain serfs  
of the crown. Even when their pa-  
rents are unincarcerated, and permitted  
to return, this degradation still attaches  
to the children, unless they are ex-  
empted by special decree; yet even  
this has not prevented Polish ladies  
from following their husbands, though  
under the condition, also, that once in  
Siberia they must henceforth remain  
there.

Attempts to escape are punished by  
incarceration in the fortress of Aka-  
tonia, or by more summary tortures.  
The writer tells the story of a certain  
Abbe Sloszinski who attempted to  
organize a concerted effort for the li-  
beration of himself and his compan-  
ions, and who was condemned to  
seven thousand strokes "sans merci,"  
and who received the last three thou-  
sand on his lifeless body. Another  
Pole, Wysocki, incarcerated at Aka-  
tonia, formed the design of forcing his  
way with his comrades, across the  
steppes to Persia or China, so chim-  
erical were the hopes entertained by  
these unhappy exiles, and so invari-  
able, except in the author's case had  
been their speedy frustration. At the  
end of the year 1845 an ordinance of  
the Emperor Nicholas enjoined a  
more rigorous treatment of the Sibe-  
rian prisoners, and threatened to  
abridge the little liberty which the  
author then enjoyed, whereupon he  
resolved to make for Archangel.

Having furnished himself with  
sham passports and some little money,  
on the 8th of February, 1846, he  
crossed the Irtische, at night, by a  
boat, which was left unguarded on its  
bank, and, disguised as a Russian  
peasant, he commenced his unprece-  
dented journey. Its success proba-  
bly turned on the single lucky chance  
of his meeting a peasant at the outset  
who gave him a lift behind two fleet  
horses as far as Tara. Here he found  
other horses, and in a few stages he  
got quickly ahead of his pursuers, if,  
as is likely, he was pursued. It was  
rarely that he ventured to claim a re-  
fuge at the Irtische on his route, and  
though the Winter was one of un-  
usual rigor he plunged at nightfall  
into the forest, and slept in a hole in  
the snow.

He states that by degrees he ac-  
quired great skill in the construction  
of this species of shelter, and that he  
contrived to take repose there, though  
the absence of warm nourishment was  
most distressing to him, and the fro-  
zen bread which at intervals he pro-  
cured at the Ostiak cabins was a mis-  
erable support under such extreme  
hardships. As a rule the inhabitants  
whom he ventured to accost were  
compassionate and hospitable, though  
in one place he was suspected, from  
his possession of four shirts, an un-  
usual number for a Russian peasant,  
and at another place he was robbed of  
some of his little stock of money  
and of his passports. Crossing the  
crest of the Ural mountains by moon-  
light, the grotesque desolation of the  
scenery deepened the terrors and de-  
pression of his strange situation; yet  
after two months of this savage exis-  
tence in the snow and the forests, he  
reached the gates of Veliki Oustoug  
in April, 1848.

Up to this point he had affected  
the character, first of a traveler to  
the fair of Irbite, then of a workman  
seeking employment, and now he as-  
sumed that of a pilgrim going to sa-  
lute the sacred images of the Con-  
vent of Solovetsk in the White Sea.

In company with a number of other  
pilgrims he worked his passage down  
the Dwina to Archangel, and at length  
beheld the bourse of his exhausting  
journey. Here, however, as he crept  
along the quays, desiring to accost  
some foreign captain in the sight of  
his countrymen, he observed that a  
Russian official barred the entry to  
every vessel, and, as he dared not  
confront the latter without his pass-  
port, on the very threshold of liberty  
line, or with your eye directed to  
things a little higher than your own  
head. In this way you walk prop-  
erly, pleasantly, and without any feel-  
ing of restraint or awkwardness. If  
any one wishes to be aided in secur-

ing this habitual carriage of body, ac-  
custom yourself to carry your hands  
behind you, one hand grasping the op-  
posite wrist. Englishmen are admir-  
ed the world over for their full chests,  
and broad shoulders, and sturdy  
frames, and manly bearing. This po-  
sition of body is a favorite with them,  
in the simple promenade in the gar-  
den or gallery, in attending ladies  
along a crowded street, in standing on  
the street, or the public worship.

Many persons spend a large part of  
their waking existence in the sitting  
position. A single rule, well attend-  
ed in this connection, would be of in-  
estimable value to multitudes—use  
chairs with the old fashioned straight  
backs, a little inclining backwards,  
and sit with the lower portion of the  
body close against the back of the  
chair at the seat; any one who tries  
it, will observe in a moment a grate-  
ful support to the whole spine. And  
we see no reason why children should  
not be taught from the beginning to  
write, and sew, and knit, in a position  
requiring the lower portion of the  
body and the shoulders to touch the  
back of the chair all the time. A  
very common position in sitting, es-  
pecially among men, is with the shoul-  
ders against the chair back and the  
lower portion of the spine, giving the  
body the shape of a half hoop; it is  
instantaneous, instinctive, and almost  
universal position assumed by any  
consumptive on sitting down, unless  
counteracted by an effort of the will;  
hence parents should regard such a  
position in their children with appre-  
hension, and should rectify it at once.

—Hall's Journal of Health.

## COMPOSITION OF SOILS.

In 1000 feet.

Organic Matter, 97 50 40  
Silica, 618 833 768  
Alumina, 57 84 101  
Lime, 59 18 4  
Magnesia, 8 8 1  
Oxide of Iron, 61 80 91  
Oxide of Manganese, 1 3 trace  
Potash, 1 3 trace  
Soda, 2 2  
Chlorine, 2 2  
Sulphuric Acid, 2 2  
Carbonic Acid, 2 2  
Loss, 10 4 6  
1000 1000 1000

The above table is taken from a  
statement made by Prof. John P. Nor-  
ton. I send this for insertion in the  
JOURNAL. I think every farmer  
should know something of what con-  
stitutes a good soil, and what renders  
manure necessary to produce a good  
crop on what are called "worn out  
or exhausted soils." It is not expect-  
ed, nor is it necessary that every far-  
mer should become an agricultural  
chemist. By reference to the table  
it will be seen that naturally good soil  
contains but few parts of potash. This  
may account for the fact, as many be-  
lieve to be a fact, that leached ashes  
are as valuable on most soils as un-  
leached. Nothing is taken from ash-  
es by leaching but the potash, and as  
only 2-1000ths of the potash is found  
in a naturally fertile soil, and none in  
one made fertile by manure, it will  
appear that potash is not essential to  
a good crop. It will be seen from the  
table that there is near 50-1000ths  
more organic matter in a naturally  
fertile soil than in one made fertile by  
manure, and but a little more in the  
latter than in a very barren soil; and  
there is more silica in a soil made fer-  
tile by manure, than in one naturally  
fertile. It is known that silica is the  
property that prevents grain fall-  
ling down. Many soils composed of  
a rich vegetable mold, with a hard-pan  
subsoil near, will cause a black, heavy  
growth of oats, or wheat straw; but  
before the grain is matured, the straw  
will fall, and no grain be produced.—  
This is for the want of silica. The  
hard-pan is composed of a large  
amount of sand, or flint gravel—silica.

In the spring of the year, or when the  
soil is full of water, the subsoil may  
be easily plowed, and the hard-pan  
mixed with the soil above will supply  
it with silica sufficient to make a  
bright, stiff straw, and will cause a  
good crop of grain. Hard-pan soil  
of itself is a rich soil, and when ma-  
nure is applied to it, will make light  
and very fertile soil. There is much  
hard-pan land in this town, east, west,  
south and north of the village, now  
producing but small crops of grass or  
grain, and which might with a little  
expense be made the most productive  
land in town. A SUBSCRIBER.

A Boston spiritualist has discover-  
ed that cats have souls. Probably  
their heaven is the Milky Way.